Select Miscellany.

THE OLD READING CLASS.

- I can not tell you. Genevieve. How oft it comes to me-That rather young old reading class In District Number Three. That row of elocutionists
- Who stood so straight in line And charged at standard literature
- With amiable design. We did not spare the energy In which our words were clad; We gave the meaning of the text By all the light we had;
- But still I fear the ones who wrote The lines we read so free Would scarce have recognized their work In District Number Three.
- Ontside the snow was smooth and clean-The winter's thick-laid dust; The storm it made the windows speak
- At every sudden gust; Bright sleigh-bells threw us pleasant words When travelers would pass; The maple-trees along the road
- Stood shivering in their class; Beyond, the white-browed cottages Were nestling cold and dumb
- And far away the mighty world Seemed beckoning us to come The wondrous world, of which we conned What had been and might be
- In that old-fashioned reading class Of District Number Three. We took a hand at history-Its altars, spires, and flames-And uniformly mispronounced
- The most important names; We wandered through Blography. And gave our fancy play, And with some subjects fell in love-P Good only for one day;" In Romance and Philosophy
- We settled many a point, And made what poems we assailed To creak at every joint; And many authors that we love
- Were first time introduced to us In District Number Three You recollect Susannah Smith. The teacher's sore distress,

You with me will agree.

- Who never stopped at any pause— A sort of day express? And timid young Sylvester Jones, Of inconsistent sight, Who stumbled on the easy words,
- And read the bard ones right? And Jennie Green, whose doleful voice Was always clothed in black?
- And Samuel Elcks, whose tones induced The plastering all to crack? And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths
- Alas | we cannot find them now And Jasper Jenckes, whose tears would flow
- At each pathetic word (He's op the prize-fight business now, And this them hard I've heard); And Belony Bayne, whose every tone He marmured as in fear
- (His topine is not so third now: He is an auctioneer); And Lianty Wood, whose voice was just
- Endeavoring hard to change, And leaped from house to flercely shrill With a out surprising range;
- Also his eister Mary Jane, So full of prudish glee. Alas! they're both in higher schools Than District Number Three.
- So back these various voices come, Though long the years have grown,
- And sound uncommonly distinct Through Memory's telephone; And some are full of melody, And bring a sense of cheer, And some can smite the rock of time,
- And summon forth a tear; Whenever and I grieve,
- And sings a song, and that is yours, O peetless Genevieve! It brightens up the olden times, we a smile at me er star amid the clouds Of District Number Three.

-- Will Carleton, in Harper's Magazine. Mrs. Kittridge's Nurse.

PART L.

Mrs. Kittridge seated herself at breakfast on a certain June morning with a disturbed look on her usually serene face, and though Mrs. Wilson's bill of fare was all that the mast fastidious of boarders could desire, it offered, for the time, nothing to tempt her appetite.

Up and down the long table friendly wes gave inquiring glances, for Mrs. Kittridge was a favorite with every one in the house, and her entrance into the dining-room rarely failed to brighten the

"These warm nights are enough to take away any one's appetite," remarked a languid-looking little lady at her elbow. "I suppose you will be going into the country soon, Mrs. Kittridge?"

"That depends, Mrs. Le Roy," said Mrs. Kittridge. "I had planned to go next week, but last evening my nurse gave me warning that if we intended to go more than ten or twelve miles out of town, she would not be willing to go with us, and, unfortunately, we have already engaged a cottage at Shelter Island."

"Oh, I am delighted to know that you are going there," said Mrs. Le Roy, quickly, "for Le Roy is negotiating for a house, and we shall probably join you in the course of three or four weeks. It is a charming place."

"Yes, very charming," sighed Mrs. Kittridge; "but Norah is a good girl much better, at least than the averageand Flossy is fond of her."

"Then you really think of going elsewhere?" asked Mrs. Le Roy in a disappointed tone.

"Oh, it is just possible that we may succeed in finding some one who will not object to the distance, and in that case we shall keep the cottage," said Mrs. Kittridge, with a curious little smile. "Miss Ellery, I should think you might know of some one whom you might recommend," she exclaimed, catching at the instant gaze of a pair of earnest young eyes on the opposite side of the table.

"I was just pondering the propriety of recommending myself," answered Miss Ellery, with a merry sparkle in in her eyes and a sudden dash of color in her cheek.

" My dear, I am not in a mood to be trifled with," said Mrs. Kittridge, pa-thetically; "I must have a nurse, and it has just occurred to me that you might know of some nice girl among your scholars who would answer my purpose."
"I will look over the list," said Miss

Ellery, thoughtfully folding her napkin; "but most of the girls in my department are Americans, and of those who are thinking of doing anything for their own support every one of them, I am afraid, would have the bad taste to prefer a place behind a counter."

"I see no reason for calling it bad taste," said Mrs. Le Roy. "I rather think you yourself, Miss Ellery, if compelled to choose between the two, would take a clerkship in preference to a nurse-girl's

"Indeed I would not," answered Miss Ellery, the color flashing into her cheeks again. "However hard a nurse-girl's work may be, it cannot possibly be harder than standing all day behind the counter, nor

to the mother's."

Mrs. Kittridge was softly clapping her hands. "Bravo, Miss Ellery," she said in her low, clear voice. "If you could bring the public to agree with you, you would revolutionize the nursery and make the mother's mission vastly easier than it is at present. But I am afraid the public is wedded to its idols," she added, with a

sigh, as she rose from the table.

Miss Ellery was a teacher in a city grammar-school, and it was only by virtue of being Mrs. Wilson's niece that she was able to make her home in a first-class boarding-house.

"There is the hall bedroom at half price, as long as you choose to occupy it,"
Mrs. Wilson said to her, in her businesslike way, when she took the house the previous fall; and Margaret, accepting the offer with eagerness, had felicitated herself all winter on the possession of her sunny little room; but as the spring ad-vanced the longing for a sight of the woods, for the sound of lapping waves and the smell of clover-fields and newmown hav, had grown into positive hunger. But no desirable boarding place could be had in the country for anything like the price she was now paying, and she would allow herself no pleasures that were likely to add to her expenses, for there was Tom, her studious young brother, all ready to enter college in the fall, and, though earning a good salary at present as a book-keeper in a neighboring city, without her help he would have to

wait another year. Clearly for her the country was a forbidden luxury, for that summer at least, and she philosophically determined to content herself with an occasional visit to the park. But the conversation at the breakfast table that morning gave her a new idea; why not offer her services to Mrs. Kittridge as nurse for her two months' vacation? She was fond of children, she was young and vigorous— a little enervated just now by the close air of the school-room, but quite equal to trundling a baby-carriage on the beach, or to performing any other nursery duty that might be required of her, and the joy of being in the country would more than compensate her for whatever irksomeness the position might involve.

Come in, my dear, come in," said Mrs. Kittridge in answer to her knock at the half-open door that afternoon. "I have been scanning the advertising col-umns, and am almost in despair. There are girls enough wanting places, and if I were not going out of town I might venture to have one come on trial, but I can-not bear the thought of taking an entire stranger with me into the country."

"Then take me, Mrs. Kittridge," said Margaret, eagerly. "The directors owing to the necessity of repairing the building. wish me to close my school a fortnight earlier than usual, and I shall be only too glad of an opportunity to spend my long vacation in the country.'

"But not in the capacity of a nurse, Miss Ellery; you surely don't mean that?" said Mrs. Kittridge, dropping her news-

"Why not, Mrs. Kittridge? I can't afford to go into the country at my own expense; and if you accept my services my board will be paid, and I shall be earning something besides. And I am fond of children, and not altogether unac-customed to the care of them. I had a baby sister once, of whom I took the en-

tire charge for more than a year."

The young voice had grown tremulous, and Mrs. Kittridge leaned toward the speaker and took her hands tenderly in

"You are a brave girl, Miss Ellery; but have you counted the cost my dear? You are found of society, and fitted to enjoy it, and in taking such a step you would vir-tually ostracise yourself. No, no, Miss Ellery, I can't consent to your making such a sacrifice."

"But I don't consider it a sacrifice, Mrs. Kittridge," arged Margaret. "I have quite set my heart on it, and have already begun to anticipate the good times

Flossy and I are going to have together."

"Oh, my dear, your offer is too tempting to be resisted! The very thought of Flossy's having such a guardian takes a burden off my heart. But it will be so hard for you. Not the care of Flossy, I don't think that will be particularly hard, but the position. There are people here, in your aunt's house, who will turn you the cold shoulder the moment they hear that you are going to be my little girl's

nurse. "Ob, I know that, but such slights will not disturb my peace of mind in the least, Mrs. Kittridge," said the girl, with a smile. "If you and Flossy are satisfied with me, I shall be very willing to let other people shrug their shoulders."

"Then we will consider the compact."

signed and sealed," said Mrs. Kittridge, with a kiss; "and there is only one stipu-lation that I shall make, and that is that you must come to the first table: in fact. that you will let me continue to treat you as an equal."

"Oh, thank you!" said Margaret, mer-rily. "I had not thought of the table, and was only going to stipulate that I was not to wear a cap, it is so bad for the

"I am so glad that we understand each other," said Mrs. Kittridge. And by the time Mr. Kittridge's step was heard on the stairs, all the preliminaries had been satisfactorily arranged.

"My dear Mrs. Kittridge, I do not see how you can encourage so crazy a project," Mrs. Le Roy remonstrated, when it became known that Miss Ellery expected to go with the Kittridges to the country in the capacity of nurse; Miss Ellery herself having taken no pains to keep it a secret. "The girl is stepping out of her station; and, besides, it is going to make it so very embarrassing for all of us. To be sure she is only a teacher, but we have been accustomed to treat her as an equal, and of course she can't expect us to continue to do so in her new position. In-deed, I don't see, Mrs. Kittridge how it will be possible for you to adapt yourself

to the change." "I don't apprehend any difficulty on that point," said Mrs. Kittridge, quietly. " Last summer my nurse was away for a week, and during that time a young niece who was staying with me proved a much more efficient nurse than the nurse her-self, but I did not find it necessary to change my manner toward her simply because she was doing a nurse's duties

"That is altogether different," said Mrs. Le Roy, coldly. "She was your own kin; but when you hire persons as ser-vants you can't be expected to treat them as equals, however nice they may be. And Miss Ellery is very nice. I have always liked her, she is so pretty and ladylike, and I am thoroughly out of patience with her for taking such a step. I am very sure Mrs. Wilson doesn't ap-

am glad that she has an opportunity to spend her vacation in the country, and I am not at all disturbed by her choice of occupation; it will be good discipline for her. All girls ought to be trained in the care of children, and I don't know how one could get the requisite training in any better way than in the capacity of nurse."

But Mrs. Le Roy was not to be converted in a day to views so antagonistic to the traditions of her set; and, priding herself on possessing the jewel of consis-tency, she began immediately to put into practice her theory of the treatment that was henceforth to be accorded to Miss Ellery. Still, she had no wish to give any needless thrusts. She even tried to evade asking her brother-in-law to stay to dinner when he dropped in to see her one

afternoon, just home from Europe.
"It will be so embarrassing to seat him face to face with the girl without an introduction," she soliloquized; "and of course under the circumstances an introduction." duction is out of the question.'

But the young man himself frustrated this considerate forethought. "I want to see Herbert, so I think I'll

stay and dine with you," he said when the dinner-bell rang.

Fortunately for Mrs. Le Roy's peace of mind, Miss Ellery had not come down when they entered the dining-room, and when, a few moments later, she took her

seat at the opposite side of the table, Mrs. Le Roy found it convenient to seem engrossed in conversation. "Why didn't you introduce me to that gray-eyed girl, Irene?" asked her brother-in-law, during their after-dinner chat. "I like her face, and her manner, too. There

is something restful about her." "Yes, rather," Mrs. Le Roy reluctantly assented. "Still, you would hardly think an introduction desirable if you knew what she is about to do. The fact is,

what she is about to do. The fact is, Phil, an introduction might prove embarrassing to you if you chanced to meet her some day rolling a baby carriage."

"I don't see why," said Philip, bluntly.

"I am sure she would roll it gracefully."

"But you don't understand, and you won't believe it when I tell you, that she is actually going to Shelter Island with Mrs. Kittridge, as her pursa! She says Mrs. Kittridge, as her nurse! She says she can't afford to spend her vacation in the country if it is going to cost her any more than it would cost to remain in town-I'm sure I don't see why, for she is getting a very good salary as a teacher—and when she found that Mrs. Kittridge wanted a nurse for Flossy she at once offered ber services."

"So that's the sort of a girl she is!" said Philip, stroking his brown mustache. Well, I admire her courage."-Marion Breck, in Christian Union.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

The Unit of Value.

The unit of value is a specific quantity of that commodity which is used as money, generally determined by its weight, that is taken as the standard of all the other measures of value. This unit in the United States is called a dollar, whose standard weight is twenty-five and eighttenths grains of gold, consisting of nine hundred parts by weight of pure gold to one hundred parts of alloy. A piece of gold having this weight, with these proportions of its constituents, and bearing the stamp of the United States Mint, is a gold dollar. The legal equivalent of this piece is a silver dollar, weighing four bundred and twelve and a half grains troy, and consisting of nine hundred parts by weight of pure silver to one hundred parts of alloy. All the other coins of the United States, with the exception of the minor coins composed of certain propor-tions of copper and nickel, are graded in their weight and fineness to the gold or the silver dollar. The eagle or ten-dollar ce for evam much as the gold dollar. The different coins are graded to each other and to the unit of value according to the decimal principle. The object of having a variety of coins of different weights is simply one of convenience in their use. Their relative value is fixed by their relative weight. The fundamental principle that underlies all these coins is one of quantity as determined by weight. The fineness or purity being the same, each coin has value in proportion to its weight. The stamping is nothing but a sign and guaranty of this weight. A load of wheat containing forty bushels is by the same rule worth just forty times as much as one bushel of wheat. A piece of cloth ten yards in length, is worth ten times as much as one yard of the same cloth. So the ten-dollar gold piece is simply the one-dollar gold piece multiplied ten times, because containing ten times as much gold. The difference in the quantity of gold makes the difference between the two. The proportions of quantity must in order to maintain the proportions of value. Paper money, of necessity, ignores the whole question of quantity, as having anything to do with that of value; and this is one of the fatal objections to it as a measure of value, when divorced from metallic money. Its value depends not upon the quantity or the quality of the paper, but entirely upon what is written or printed upon it. paper, as paper, is worth almost nothing, and hence it can never except when used as the representative of gold or silver by being convertible into one or the other, be made a reliable measure of value. It costs no more to produce a hundred-dollar bill that it does to produce a one-dol-lar bill; and one is really worth no more than the other except as they represent different quantities of gold or silver.

How Divers Work under Water.

Both are promissory notes, and their value

depends upon what they pledge and the certainty that the pledges will be kept.—

The submarine work of the new Folkestone pier, England, is executed by two divers, who, in reply to the questions of the reporter of The Engineer, have given the following particulars as to their ex-periences: "On first beginning to work as divers, we felt as if our heads were stopped up; the pressure was felt chiefly in the ears. The increase of depth of water, when we are descending, is perceptibly felt; the difference of level between high and low water is clearly appreciable. Eight or ten fathoms—forty-eight or sixty feet—is a reasonable depth to work in; divers are said to have gone down two hundred and twenty feet. At ten feet depth we feel the pressure, and at twenty feet can feel the increase, but do not feel quick or slow variations of but four or five feet. In deep water we feel the pressure all over the outside of the body, and some divers are said to have borne a pressure of eighteen pounds or twenty pounds to the square inch. When working in shallow water there is not so much pressure in a diving dress as in a diving than sitting hour after hour at a sewing-machine. I have no patience with a public sentiment that makes such work more genteel than tending little children.

"You are wrong there, Mrs. Le Roy," bell, because we can regulate pressure better inside the dress by turning the tap so as to give a larger orifice for the escape is like a daughter to me, and I had hoped

It seems to me a nurse's mission is next to have her with me all summer; but I the glass of the helmet; when the water is exceptionally clear we can see about twenty feet. Fishes sometimes come to look at us, and mostly above our heads, because we stir up the bottom, and where the water is clearer they wait on the lookout for any food they can get. If we lift a hand toward them, they are off like a shot. Flat fish near the ground are too quick when we try to catch them with the hand, but we can spear them sometimes with our crowbar. We have never the largest any large fish near the largest seen any large fish near; the largest which any of us ever saw was a conger eel, about two feet six inches, which came near recently. He came along side qui-etly, and when the crowbar was raised toward him he was off.—Christian at Work.

Mrs. Jones' Spelling.

It is not uncommon for ignorance to lord it over ignorance more dense than its own. The Detroit Post draws on its imagination to paint an amusing scene, wherein this lordship and the corresponding submissiveness are prominent: Mr. Jones was writing a letter. Writing is not his strong point, neither is spelling, and he called on Mrs. Jones, who was sewing in the room, to help him.
"Maria," he said, suspending his pen in
the air and catching a globule of ink on
his nose, "is there any h in sofa?" "Of course there is," answered Mrs. Jones, taking from her mouth a button she was going to sew on Willie's best jacket. "S-o-p-h-a, sofa." "Thanks! That's the "So-ph-a, sofa." "Thanks! That's the way I always spell it, come to think of it," said Jones, airily. Then there was a silence. Suddenly he asked: "Are there two g's in sugar, Maria?" "Mercy, no!" said Mrs. Jones, sharply. "I should think you could spell a little word like that, Jeptha, S-h-u-g-a-r, sugar." "That's so," assented Jones, "but I forgot the h; thought the word didn't look right," and he scratched in the missing aspirate. Then he folded his letter and set about directing it. "How many n's in Cincin-nati?" he asked, balancing a postage stamp on his tongue. "About a dozen!" snapped Mrs. Jones, who had just discovered that both knees of Willie's pants needed repairing. "S-i-n-n-c-i-n-n-a-t-t-i, Cincinnati. I'm not sure whether the last letter is a y or an i. You ought to keep a dictionary, Jepths, and not depend on me for everything." "I don't need one when you're around, dear," said Jones, when you're around, dear," said Jones, with a sly wink at the ceiling. "I used to be a pretty good speller," said Mrs. Jones, complacently, "but I'm liable to make mistakes like other people. It comes natural for some folks to spell, and I suppose I'm one of them," and she proceeded to the content of the said of the d to cut out two square ornaments for Willie's knees, while Jones went out and posted his letter.

Superiority of Baked Meats. Always keeping in view that the primary problem in roasting is to raise the temperature throughout to the cooking heat with the smallest possible degree of desic-cation of the natural juices of the meat, and applying to this problem the laws of vapor diffusion expounded in my last, it is easy enough to understand the theoretical advantages of roasting in a closed oven, the space within which speedily becomes saturated with those particular vapors that resist further vaporization of these juices. I say "theoretical," because I despair of practically convincing any thorough-bred Englishman that baked meat is better that roasted meat by any reasoning whatever. If, however, he is sufficiently "un-English" to test the question experimentally, he may possibly con-vince himself. To do this fairly, a large joint of meat should be equally divided, one-half roasted in front of the fire, the other in a non-ventilated oven over a little water by a cook who knows how to heat the latter. This condition is essential, as some intelligence is demanded in regulating the temperature of an oven, while any barbarian can carry out the modern modification of the ordinary device of the savage, who skewers a bit of meat, and holds this near enough to a fire to make it frizzle. Having settled this question to my own satisfaction more than twenty years ago, I now amuse myself occasionally by experimenting upon others, and continually find that the most uncompromising theoretical haters of baked meat practically prefer it to orthodox roasted meat, provided always that they eat it in ignorance.— W. Mattieu Williams, in Popular Science Monthly. Insecure Lives.

A New York daily discourses on this theme and refers to notable cases. The Turkish sultan has his carriage plated like a gun-boat; the Khedive is protected by English troops; the Zulu king has a park of artillery for his security; the Em-peror William has "a small army to protect him" when he appears in public; Queen Victoria enters and leaves a railway station through lines of life guards, and has an engine dispatched ahead of her train to anticipate danger, while her daughter Louise and her husband, the marquis of Lorne, ask for an armed guard while passing through a part of our land. It notes the fact of a lady appearing in a blaze of diamonds, shadowed by a detective who was hired to shield her from violence. So our railroad kings have "armed men at their heads and heels and on guard over their palatial residences. Some con-template the policy of putting iron shut-ters on their windows, as did the duke of Wellington at the time of the London riots." Political power and personal wealth pay high taxes. Who should envy riots. their possessors?

American Handwriting.

Statistics are needed of the American handwriting before any generalization is attempted about it. Those who are in the way of seeing specimens of it from all parts of the country, from clergymen, clerks, farmers, lawyers, doctors, agents merchants, etc.—always excepting the people who write like the writing-master -declare that they have no general characteristic, except that the handwriting is sprawling, flourishy, unformed, that it lacks neatness, compactness, solidity. Is this only a fancy, or is the writing a sign of superficiality and carelessness and exaggeration? There is variety enough. We certainly have not the uniformity that in German or French writing enables us to tell its nationality at a glance. Are we mistaken in saying that the English hand, generally speaking, is a hand of more culture, finish, neatness? We signed the Declaration very well on the whole, but we have hardly as a people lived up to it.-Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper' Magazine for September.

MRS. HUNTER (to dry goods clerk):
"If you will cut me a small sample of this
I will find out from my dressmaker how many yards I need and can send for the goods by mail." Enfant Terrible Hun-ter: "Why, mamma, that's just what you said in all the other stores." Mew Advertisements.



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Vouvaberesth a me of James Pyle, New York.

Songs Never Sung!

"How does that verse run? Something like this, isn't it?

'There are who touch the magic string, And noisy fame is proud to win them; Alas! for those who never sing, And die with all their music in them.'"

"Yes, that's beautiful, pathetic and true," said your representative. "The poet alludes to people who are somehow suppressed, and never get their full allowance of joy and air. Which reminds me of a letter shown me the other day by Hiscox & Co., of New York, signed by Mr. E. C. Williams, of Chapman, Snyder Co., Pa., a prominent business man of that place. He writes:

that place. He writes:

"'I have suffered with asthma for over forty years, and had a terrible attack in December and January, 1882. I bardly know what prompted me to take Parker's Tonic. I did so, and the first day I took four doses. The effect astonished me. That night I slept as if nothing was the matter with me, and have ever since. I have had colde since, but no asthma. My breathing is now as perfect as if I had never known that disease. If you know of any one who has asthma tell him in my name that Parker's Tonic will cure it—even after forty years.' There was a man who escaped the fate of those whom the poet laments.

This prevaration, which has heretofore been known as Parker's Girch Tonic, will hereafter be advertised and solid under the name of Parker's Tonic. Inasmuch as ginger is really an unimportant ingredient, and unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior preparations under the name of ginger, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of Parker's Gircher Tonic continued the senuine of Parker's Gircher Tonic order the name of the

THE GREAT

German Remedy.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK For those deathly Ladies in delicate fillous Spells, de health, who are all send on Sulffluin rundown, should use furtens, it will cure Sulffluin Biffens. Operatives who are Operatives who are closely confined in Cleanse the vitlated the nills and work-blood when you see shops; Clerks, who its impurities burst-do not procure suf-ing through the shin belent exercise, and in Pimples, Blotches, all who are confined and Sores. Rely on in doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS, SULPHUR BITTERS, SULPHUR BITTERS, They will not then low. in doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly. SULPHUR BITTER will cure Liver Com plaint. Don't bodis General Debility needs a gentle tonic Use Sulphur Bir Firs, and you wil not be troubled. SULPHUR BITTER Don't be without a will build you up and soitle. Try it; you make you strong and will not regret it.

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If you remain sick when you can
Get Hop Bitters that never—Fail. THE weakest woman, smallest child, and sick-est invalid can use Hop Bitters with safety and

great good. OLD men tottering around from Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be almost new by using Hop Bitters.

My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of Hop Bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman. Ask any good doctor if Hop Bitters are not the best family medicine On earth.

MALARIAL fever, Ague and Billousnes, will leave every neighborhood as soon as Hop Bitters arrive. My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with Hop Bitters."-Ed.

KEEP the kidneys healthy with Hop Bitters and you need not fear sickness. Ice water is rendered harmless and more re-freshing and reviving with Hop Bitters in each The vigor of youth for the aged an infirm in

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enlargement, but it is positively astonishing"
what curative properties exist in the mixture known as Ellis's Spavin Cure, and
those who have given it a fair trial say it is
the best remedy that they ever applied. In
many cases it has not only removed the
lameness, but also the lump, and we recommend it as far superior to the ordinary bilsters prescribed by the faculty. We also
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heave powders are the best of their kind,
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Organized in 1782. - - - Assets, \$5,107,125. Pennsylvania Fire Ins. Comp'y OF PHILADELPHIA, Organized in 1825. - - - Assets, 1,500,000.

OF ENGLAND,

Philadelphia Fire Association OF PHILADELPHIA, Organized in 1820. - - - Assets, \$4,000,000. Insurance Co. of State of Penn.

OF PHILADELPHIA, Organized in 1794. - - Assets, \$650,000. New York City Insurance Co.

Organized in 1872. - - Assets, \$425,000. Continental Insurance Comp'y OF NEW YORK,
Organized in 1852. - - Assets, \$3,100,000.

Manhattan Fire Insurance Co. OF NEW YORK, Organized in 1872. - - Assets, \$900,000.

Connecticut Fire Insur'ce Co. OF HARTFORD, Organized in 1850. - - Assets, \$1,500,000. First National Fire Ins. Co.

OF WORCESTER, MASS., Organized in 1868. - - - Assets, \$300,000. The Royal Insurance Comp'y OF ENGLAND,

London & Lancashire Ins. Co. OF ENGLAND, Organized in 1861. - - - Assets, \$7,500,000.

Commercial Union Ass'ce Co.

OF ENGLAND,

Organized in 1845. - - Assets, gold, \$20,000,000

Organized in 1861. - - Assets, \$19,351,671. Lancashire Insurance Comp'y OF ENGLAND. Organized in 1852. - - Assets, gold, \$10,000,000.

La Confiance Insurance Co. OF FRANCE. Organized in 1844. - - Assets, gold, \$6,700,000.

Travelers' Insurance Comp'y OF HARTFORD, Pald-up Capital, \$600,000. Assets, \$4,955,990.42. Secure a General Accident Policy for a specified sum, to be paid in case of death by accident, or a weekly indemnity if the injury wholly disables the insured from his employment. It will be written for one or more months or a year, as may be desired, and the cost is so low as to place a comfortable insurance within the reach of almost every man whose time and labor are of any value to him and his family. One in sixteen of the insured have received cash payments under their accident pobletes.

Large risks placed at a moment's notice, and at equitable rates. Losses adjusted and paid at this office, and due notice of expiration of policies given.

Correspondence, and orders by mail or telegraph, faithfully attended to. A. C. BROWN, GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.

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